The World

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THE OTHER SIDE.

It was only the other day that the public was watching with open-mouthed interest the gambling movements of two cotton speculators. It was by all odds the most spectacular manipulation of which the Exchange had record. Bales of cotton were as so many counters in the game and the stakes reached into the tens of millions. Sully and Brown enjoyed a meteoric prominence that momentarily dimmed the radiance of the greater fixed stars of finance.

Now we have notice of the beginning of the inevitable settlements. They are not so spectacular, but they are of deeper public concern. Five Fall River mills have closed, throwing 600,000 spindles into idleness because of the high price of raw cotton and the low price of the finished product; others will follow. While they remain closed thousands of operatives will feel the pinch of economy, and when they resume the public will be called on, because of the reduction of output, to pay more for manufactured cotton goods.

This is the reverse side of the picture of the cotton-bale-juggling speculators which we so admired.

A NOVELTY IN PIERS.

The throwing of 200 men, women and children into the water by the collapse of a pier near Fort Hamilton recalls old dock department methods. The project of a public water-front promenade along the pier which the Central Railroad of New Jersey is to build at Liberty street shows the new. Any one with a memory running back ten years may readily recall the improvement made in the city's dock facilities. They will soon rank with the best in the world.

The novel and distinctive feature of the Central's project is the formal recognition shown in it, for the first time in the city's recent history so far as can be determined, of any rights or privileges of the people in the matter or of any concession to decorative requirements. They have similar promenades on piers in Copenhagen and Antwerp. Commissioner Hawkes observed them on a recent trip abroad and suggested the improvement which the railroad has agreed to make.

Here again we have another excellent example of the educational value to our city officials of vacation journeys to Europe.

GOOD DETECTIVE WORK.

The arrests following the collapse of the American Finance and Mortgage Company promise further revelations of "get-rich-quick" methods. A digest of the crooked financial expedients and ways and means of swindling resorted to by Franklin Syndicate Miller and his imitators and successors would furnish a well-nigh complete course of instruction in the theory and practice of deluding and gulling the public. The trial of the present suspects will be interesting as showing how far they conformed to the methods of the masters.

Detective work of a most creditable kind has been accomplished in the discovery and exposure during the past year of swindling investment companies. How much of the credit should go to McClusky's staff and how much to the Government secret service agents is not so material as the patent fact that however the division of glory is made there is enough to go around.

VOLUNTEER GOVERNMENT.

The Mayor has recommended to the Aldermen to grant the appropriation of $76,800 asked for by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to enable it to enforce the dog-muzzling ordinance. Of the extent to which the city is governed by others than its official governors we here get an idea. It is no criticism of the society's excellent work to point out that it assumes and has delegated to it powers which in other cities are the functions of the police or other municipal departments.

And along with this volunteer organization for the administration of city ordinances we have the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Humane Society, the Municipal Art Society and the Civic Federation. When occasion demands a committee of one hundred or an executive committee of fifteen springs into being and demonstrates its usefulness. The Merchants' Association we have ever with us for our good. The fact that these societies of many objects and aims should exist and be permitted to pursue their supplementary work of making this a better city is a proof of democracy on which the community is to be congratulated.

But when their work is examined and analyzed is it not seen to be largely that which in other municipalities is imposed on Mayor and Aldermen, on police and health departments? The development in New York of these extra-official societies and the full recognition of their utility is unique.

SHAMROCK BABIES.

The naming of babies in honor of Sir Thomas Lipton proceeds apace. Lest he should feel unduly elated let him recall the McClellan and Lincoln and Kossuth and Alexis babies, whose baptismal appellations recall former national favorites. A census of babies with big names would make an interesting showing.

In it could we find any one who has achieved real prominence under the handicap of a great name? Is there a Winfield Scott or a Wellington among our generals? Is a future admiral likely to bear the name of Richard Pearson Hobson Smith? Is a McKinley Jones or a Grover Cleveland Brown destined to rise to the Presidency?

In the light of past performances by the bearers of illustrious appellations it is to be feared not. The big name seems to blight the baby's chances of success in life.

An Odd Legal Partiality.—By a queer provision of the law, while it is made obligatory for the owner of an automobile to attach a number to it for purposes of identification, dealers are exempted from this requirement. By a further odd provision a new owner is given ten days in which he may legally use his machine without the attachment of a number. If arrested he may show his receipted bill and go free, or exhibit his license if a dealer, and snap his fingers at the officer. This is a singular extension of partiality. It should be abolished by an amendment to the law.

The Fire Monopoly.—Regarding the sale by the Catholic Protectory of its fire-engines, it is recalled that the city charter gives the Fire Department the "exclusive right" to extinguish fires. It is an odd monopoly.

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

THE fact that Russell Sage will not occupy his summer home at Lawrence Beach, L. I., this summer has led to report that the aged financier's health has been gradually declining, and that he has become considerably weaker since his illness last summer, so that it would be impossible for him to stand the strain of going to and from his home to business each day. Mr. Sage goes to his office downtown regularly and appears to be in his usual health, though he is said to admit that he has never recovered fully from a severe cold from which he suffered last winter.

* * *

There is a story going around about the way Miss Alice Roosevelt disturbed her father at dinner a day or two ago. The President has made a hard-and-fast rule that there shall be no telephone calls to Sagamore Hill from central between the hours of 6.30 and 8 P. M. He likes to dine in peace. Alice appeared at central and demanded that the home of her father should be called up. The operator, afraid of losing her job, would not break the President's rule. Then Alice sat down to the switchboard, connected herself with the President's private apartments and made him jump out of his chair by a furious ringing of the telephone bell. She talked to her father until she had said all that was on her mind and then calmly rung him off. The President does not know yet whether to be mad at the self-willed young lady or not.

* * *

Since Mr. Carnegie put up his magnificent mansion on the heights of Fifth avenue at Ninetieth street, the quarter thereabout has become known as Carnegie Hill, and alert shopkeepers have been quick to make capital of the idea. Thus there has sprung up in the neighborhood within the last six months the Carnegie Hill Hotel, Carnegie Hill druggists, florists, undertakers, bootblack stands, saloons and stationery shops. This kind of craze always breaks out in New York at the least provocation. Around old Cooper Union there are shops galore which use the Cooper prefix, and the various public squares and parks have all their army of parasites.

* * *

Paul Fuller, of New York, told the graduates of the College of St. Thomas of Villanova, at Villanova, Pa., all about their duties as citizens recently. He advised them not to be too sensitive "or shrink from foul contact and refuse service to the public."

* * *

"President Roosevelt is the most widely read of your writers at the present time in France," says Ambassador Jusserand. "Everybody knows his books. Not literature? I am not so sure of that. Does he not conspicuously exhibit this ability to say things simply and directly? The greatest literary artists can do no more. Personally the President is extremely popular in my country. You cannot conceive how popular. Were he to visit Paris, he would be greeted by a demonstration equal to any of those he has just received in his present wide journey—et c'est tout dire."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

An Anti-Noise Protest.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I protest against the curse of so many unnecessary and avoidable nerve-racking noises in our so-called great city. Now, let us excuse the postman who blows a shrill whistle every time he puts a letter or advertising circular into each of the numerous letter-boxes in every block, ringing you up besides, and also the cornet and other Indian war-cry peddlers with whom we may sympathize, as they resort to noises which possibly assist then to earn a living. But of all idiotic customs, can you tell me why factories in the very heart of the city should blow a loud steam whistle to be heard miles away four times every day? Now, suppose every business concern should announce to their hands or clerks by whistle every day when they should resume work, go to luncheon and be back, and when to go home! Is there a home ever so poor that is not provided with a clock? Are the working classes so void of intelligence that they must be called in that manner? The Twentieth Century is still backward. M. H. F.

Socialism vs. Commercialism.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent very kindly asked about me a few days ago, and suggested that I might have dropped social questions for commercialism. In reply, I would say, that social questions I consider man's noblest study, and commercialism I consider synonymous with crookedness. JOHN CONWAY.

No. 239 Broadway.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please publish the address of the Legal Aid Society. A. R.

For Fresh Air.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"Augustus" protests against the "open front 'L' door." If "Augustus" would take the trouble to keep awake and board the "L" train at Rector street any morning at from 3 to 6 o'clock, continue his journey to Harlem and pay strict attention to the dirty, ill-ventilated condition of the cars, he would be only too glad to start a mammoth subscription list appealing to the "L" officials to open wide the front and back doors, windows and top ventilators of every car of the "L" system, in both summer and winter. If "Augustus" learns more about affairs in the early hours on the "L" it will win him and all concerned over to fresh air, whether it is cold, blows or blusters, disturbs his paper, rumples his hair or blows his hat through the window. KENTUCKIAN.

The Opal Superstition.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some readers kindly tell me how the superstition regarding opals being unlucky originated? I was of the opinion that they were considered lucky stones by the majority of people, though some of my friends are inclined to disagree with me. NON-IGNO.

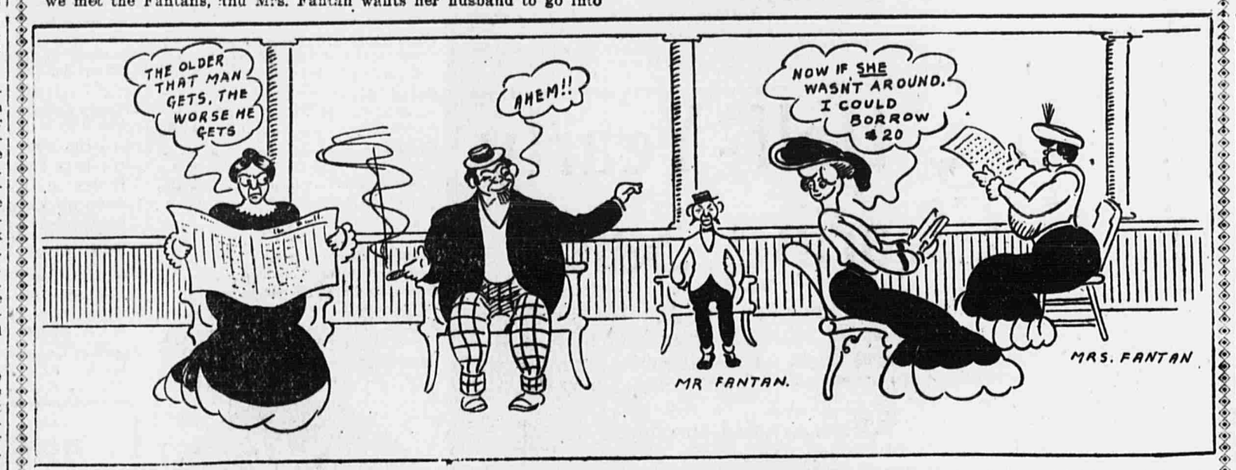
Pronounced Like "Dew."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the correct pronunciation of the name "Dhu" as used in one of Scott's works? LOUIS K.

LETTERS FROM A SELFISH WIFE TO HER HUSBAND—No. 9.

Dearest: I want $100 at once. I am a prisoner among the vulgarest people you ever heard of until you send me the money. What I have suffered on this horrid yacht you will never be able to appreciate. Because I was nice to that horrid old wretch Divvy his wife got jealous and he thought I was in love with him. At Bar Harbor we met the Fantans, and Mrs. Fantan wants her husband to go into politics and make money, so she just made up to the Divvys in a disgusting way. We played bridge whist. Divvy was my partner and he was drunk, as he always is, and when he went to sleep his wife took his hand and played to lose. I lost every bit of money and jewelry I had with me.



Mrs. Divvy just laughed at me and she won't let me get Divvy away from her for a moment or I could borrow all he has, although I don't believe she lets him carry any money. She is the most selfish creature I ever met, and I just have to stay here and endure it until you send me money to get to Backwoods. Last night I just cried and thought I would rather come home, but this morning I remembered how disagreeable it would be living in a hotel in the city with everybody out of town and I have concluded to go to Backwoods.

SEARCH ME! THE MRS. IS THE CASHIER; I'M DOWN AND OUT!
OH, MR. DIVVY, COULD YOU LOAN ME $20 TILL I HEAR FROM MY HUSBAND?
NOW WHAT HAVE I DONE!
MONEY GONE, JEWELRY GONE, BROKE—AND NO WORD FROM THAT WRETCH OF MINE SINCE YESTERDAY!
F. F. Flint

You had better find an apartment and get the furniture moved in, for if I find everybody has left Backwoods I don't know as I will want to go anywhere else and may want to come home. You'll have to get the piano back, for I really can't be left all day with nothing to amuse me. I think it was a shame that you could only get $275 for the piano when you paid $1,000 for it, and the man said it would improve with age, but then it will be easier for you to buy it back. I wouldn't give more than $100 for it if I were you. But don't forget to send me the $100. MAYSIE.

THE CHIEF VIRTUE.

Critic—Say, that new comedian is a dead failure. Why, he's the laughing stock of the community!

Manager—Thanks. I'll raise his salary.

ONE LIE NAILED.

Picture Dealer—The artist died before he was thirty.

Mrs. Greenback—Why, I thought you said he was an "old master."

WELL SCHOOLED.

Guide—Do you call that the right way to hold a gun?

Cholly Lighthead—Well, its the way the correspondence school said to do it.

BETTER PLAN.

Weeks—Does your wife ever send for you if you happen to stay out late?

Meeks—No, indeed. She waits until I get home, then she goes for me.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

HOME-MADE ZOETROPE.

Out of such simple materials as two dishes, a sheet of cardboard and a little strong glue, and with the aid of a pair of scissors, any boy can make something that will give amusement to every member of the family and fairly astonish those who are not familiar with the contrivance known as the Zoetrope.

First, cut out of the cardboard five figures of men, each figure having its arms in a different position, as shown in the accompanying picture. Now borrow from the cook a round, flat porcelain or earthenware dish, and then, with a little glue, not mucilage, fasten the figures around the inside of the rim of the dish.

Also borrow from the cook a large, deep plate, the deep part of which is a little bit larger than the dish. Set the dish in the plate and pour in the latter about an inch of water, so that the dish will float. If it does not float clear it will at least turn easily in the water, and that is what you want.

Now for your little show. Take a piece of cardboard and bore a hole in it with a pin; give the dish a turn with your hand, which will set it spinning around in the plate at a fair speed. Stand a little distance from it and look steadily at the figures through the pinhole in the cardboard. You will see, instead of five distinct figures, only one, apparently, and it will seem to have life, raising and lowering its arms as long as the dish spins.

A RIDDLE.

A face have I, but no eyes, mouth or nose,
I run around all day, but have no feet or toes.
I speak with a tongue that all may hear,
And I strike for friend or foe, be he far or near.

Answer. A striking clock.

"GUESS."

Some might call it a game of authors, played without cards. The players are lined up on a bench, just as if they were reciting a lesson at school. A leader, sitting in front, begins to tell a story, into which the titles of well-known boks must be made to fit easily. For instance:

"Once upon a time, 'Little Dorrit' went to pay a visit at 'The House of the Seven Gables.' She belonged to a society of 'Little Women,' who were going on 'A Journey to the Center of the Earth' for 'The Marble Faun,'" etc.

As the title of each book is mentioned in the course of the story, the players on the bench, in turn, guess the name of the author. This is often very puzzling, and the failure to guess correctly turns the unlucky one to the very foot of the class.

It makes no difference if the story is a short or a long one, provided it is well known, and fits in with the ingenuity of the story teller.

This is good fun for a long rainyday, and the girl or boy must be well up in reading who can follow the story without a break.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

WHY IT WAS.

Mrs. Greene—What do you have an alarm clock in your chamber for if you don't have the alarm wound up?

Mrs. Gray—If you could have heard the awful things my husband said when the alarm went off, you wouldn't ask me.—Boston Advertiser.

TRUE ENOUGH.

"Are you prepared for the end, dear sister?" said Rev. Mr. Comfort. "Would you not like to go to heaven?"

"O, my, yes!" gasped the sick woman. "I'm just dying to go there."—Philadelphia Press.

NOT FOR HIM.

"You think you can win the case?" said the client, inquiringly.

"Oh, I'm sure of it!" answered the lawyer.

"And get damages for me?"

"Not for you," corrected the honest lawyer. "I'll get damages all right, but by the time I get them they'll be due me for services rendered."—Chicago Post.

GETTING OFF THE CAR.

Graphic Description of the Way the Average Woman Does It.

THE average woman will wait until a few yards from a crossing and then signal frantically to the conductor. The conductor is generally wedged into a struggling mass of humanity trying to collect fares, and when he is able to pull the bell rope the car has been carried some distance beyond the woman's destination. If the fair passenger has not already jumped from the car, she begins the process of dismounting much as follows:

With the right hand she picks up from her lap her handbag, a bulky copy of some fashion paper, a vinaigrette loaded with smelling salts, a bundle of shirt waists which have been market down from $9 to $1.99, a package containing a corset with a patent straight front effect, a bag of bonbons and a paper of pins.

This trifling cargo she jams under her left arm. The right hand is thus the only one free, and after struggling to the edge of the car the woman grasps the upright stanchion on her right, steps down on the footboard with her face to the sidewalk, and as she puts down her left foot to the pavement she swings around with her back to the motorman.

If the car is moving even the slightest its tendency is to throw the woman over on her back. If the car starts before she disengages her right hand from the stanchion it also tends to pitch her over on her back, says the Taunton Gazette.

The four leaf clover type of woman, who gets off the right way, signals the conductor or pulls the bell rope herself in the middle of the block. She picks up her packages, which may contain a dozen or more little things, all packed in small compass, and tucks it under her right arm.

With her left hand she grasps the forward stanchion. She swings around with her face to the motorman as she gets off and alights on her right foot first. Thus she has her left foot free to take a step forward in case the overstrenuous conductor starts the car too soon.

The majority of men board a car on the jump and leave it before it stops. Only on rare occasions do men get off the wrong way. Perhaps the reason is that they have become acquainted with the laws of gravitation and momentum ever since their early years. When they rode on the rear axles of delivery wagons, or jumped on and off low gears, or, if they were country lads, risked their necks riding on freight cars.

When men jump from cars the wrong way they are generally badly excited. Then they forget their early training in the mad desire to get off.

CONCERNING WOMANLINESS.

"ONE often hears the expression in women, 'Oh, if I were only a man!' 'I would give anything to be a man!' In all honesty, then, or in as much honesty as she is obliged to have, is not woman, when she is thinking of living her life over again, thinking of living a man's life? Is not she wishing to set an example to her husband, who has shown himself so little able to set an example to her, and for whose discipline she is believed oftenest to indulge what seems a vain aspiration?" asks W. D. Howells.

"A very strange thing in regard to this is that men are never heard sighing to be women. The weakest, the unhappiest, the most abject of men is not known to wish himself a woman; and when he considers living his life over again, it is certainly a man's life that he has in mind. He is perfectly willing to allow that a woman is much better by nature, wiser by teaching, sweeter, lovelier, gentler, and yet he does not ask to change his lot with hers; if he were a beggar and she a queen, he would not. He is found saying, in print and out of it, that women have by far the safest, easiest and pleasantest time of it; but still, somehow, he does not envy them enough to offer changing places with them. He will tell them, as he has often told them, that they are the real rulers of the world, and that in the sacred quality of daughter, wife and mother they are the holiest beings on earth; he bows down in worship of them, but he leaves them their altar. He does not think it any great thing to be a man, but he is not surprised that the objects of his idolatry should sometimes declare themselves eager to descend from their high places and be men, in the dust and grime of affairs, the din and heat of battle, and the wild, useless efforts to escape from the struggle of life. He understands that they wish to be men in order to show men what men ought to be, and would be if they were women, and that they are not meaning permanently to be men, and he forgives to their ignorance and inexperience what he could not otherwise account for. He forgives it with a smile, and possibly with a chuckle."

THOSE MARS CANALS.

At a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society in London striking confirmation was obtained of the view that the "canals" in Mars are due for the most part to an optical delusion on the part of the observer. A drawing of the planet showing no canals was placed before classes of boys at Greenwich Hospital School, and they were required to make copies of it. Those placed nearest it drew no canals; but those further away delineated "canals" closely resembling those observed by Schiaparelli and others. It is explained that the eye becomes hypersensitive by long gazing at details which are imperfectly seen, being at the limit of visibility, and that the retinal blood vessels then convey impressions of "canals" to the vision centre in the brain. The boys were quite unbiased, being unacquainted with any drawings of Mars. "Probably Mars is not inhabited, and never will be," says a recent writer, "but it very likely has been. It is now in the state which the earth will reach in three or four millions of years." When the possibility of signalling to Mars was under discussion a few years ago Sir Robert Ball, the celebrated astronomer, pointed out that if a flag of the size of Ireland was waved from a pole to match there was just the ghost of a chance that an astronomical Martian might perceive the ghost of a flutter on the earth.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.

(Payne Whitney, who is going to Abyssinia to shoot elephants, and as it is rumored, to look up King Solomon's mines.)

Payne Whitney greets you, Children dear,
Grasping his trusty gun!
His sporting instincts wildly pant
To pot the wily el-e-phant,
And eke to figure if he can't
Find mines that wads of dough did grant
To old King Solomon.